

A ROLE REPEATED

By Frank Filson.

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"Confound those storage people," muttered Tom Bryant, as he unlocked the door of his apartment and ushered his friend Wells into—an empty room. He



Don't Mention a Word About It.

stared round him. "Well, of all the gall!" he exclaimed. "Here's that confounded landlord of mine decorated the walls in saffron when I went over the matter with him a dozen times and he swore by all the gods to do them in red. And the storage men were on

their honor to have my furniture in today. I tell you, Billy, it makes a fellow tired."

They entered and sat down upon a board which the painters had left stretched out between two stepladders. Tom lit his pipe and began puffing savagely.

The men were old acquaintances whom fate had driven apart for many years. Recently Tom Bryant had been spending his vacation with Wells in the Adirondacks, and the latter had accompanied him back to his home to be his guest for a few days. Mrs. Bryant, who had been visiting his mother, was expected on the following morning.

"I'm going round to the storage men the first thing in the morning," said Tom, "and I'm going to tell them some of the things I won't do to them if they don't have my goods here before 11 o'clock." He paused and began wrinkling his brow. "Billy," he said, "if you'll give me your word of honor never to breathe a word of it, I'll tell you of an extraordinary thing that happened to me when I got back from my honeymoon four years ago. Mrs. Bryant has never ceased teasing me about it, but it was mighty serious at the time, and this little episode reminds me of it."

"Word of honor," said William Wells. "Go ahead, Tom."

The other struck a fresh match for his pipe and cast the burned end into a pail of half dry paint.

"We'd just got back from a blissful three weeks' honeymoon in the mountains," he began,